

COLLEGE CHEER

GET A HEALTHFUL HOBBY — PLAY SOME GAME.

VOL. XII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1920.

No. 7.

VARSIITY, 1919 — 1920.



Left to right: Cox, Scheidler, Rose, Lange, Wellman, Brady, Schaefer, Capt., Gaul, Mgr., O'Brien.

I. A. C. Loses to St. Joe 26-25.

Two days after the Valparaiso game, St. Joe's dauntless five tackled the I. A. C. Reds of Chicago on the home floor, in what proved to be the hardest fought and most exciting game of the season. The visitors came up with a winning streak of eleven straight games to their credit, and to do them justice, we had to fight to break it.

The I.A.C. first put a five on the floor that could not scope with St. Joe's passwork. Wellman enjoyed the game for a while, for nobody could stop him. Within five minutes after the start of the game, the score stood 16-4 in favor of St. Joe, with prospects of a runaway, in sight. Then the I. A. C. switched their lineup, put a capable man on Wellman, and the fight was on. The I. A. C. displayed some brilliant passwork, and speed seemed to be their one best bet, but St. Joe stayed right with them, stepping along at the same mer-

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ST. JOE BEATS VALPARAISO, U. 22 — 18.

A certain writer on the staff of an Indianapolis newspaper wrote an article about a week before our game with Valpo, giving St. Joe a comparatively low rating in basketball, and placing Valpo among the leaders. We humbly pray, to what do we belong now?

In a fast, close guarding game St. Joe's revamped, outplayed and outfought the highly touted Valparaiso crew by the score of 22 — 18.

The game was a thriller from the first whistle, to the final gun. St. Joe's chances seemed to be slim before the game, for the visitors outweighed us about twenty pounds to the man. But our team went on the floor and showed that beef can't win a basketball game if the opposing team is a snappy, fearless bunch. St. Joe played the Valpo five

(Continued page 2, Column 2.)

ry clip. The I. A. C. crawled up a little on us for the remainder of the first half, playing a better offensive and defensive game after the change in the lineup. Score, end of first half 19 — 14.

The second half was even faster than the first. Both teams were out for blood, and a battle royal was the result. St. Joe lost O'Brien a few minutes after the beginning of the half, due to an injury received in the game with Valparaiso. Lange, taking O'Brien's place, started off like a whirlwind, making a basket right off, but suddenly collapsed on the floor. Brady took his place for the rest of the game. The I. A. C. made more substitutions during this half, being fortunate in having a large squad available. Marbach, the I. A. C. forward, did the most damage during this period, but all the I. A. C. could do wasn't able to knock the fight out of our crew, weakened as they were. The final gun was fired with the score standing 26 — 25, in St. Joe's favor.

For St. Joe, Captain Schaefer's all around work was the feature of the game. Tony keeps up the spirit of the team and aids materially by his fine work on the floor. Cox played his usual clean snappy game, dropping in a few baskets besides. Wellman was the whole show for the first ten minutes, but was a marked man after that. Pete wasn't in the best of shape, and consequently, didn't play as well as usual. For the I. A. C. Marbach, whose shooting ran up the score in the second half, was the outstanding star.

Lineup:

I. A. C.		St. JOSEPH'S
Becker	F.	Schaefer
Foley	F.	Cox
Johnson	C.	Wellman
Rehfeld	G.	O'Brien
Holleran	G.	Scheidler

Substitutions: Marbach for Foley, L. Carlson for Johnson, G. Calson for Holleran, Sheehan for L. Carlson. Lange for O'Brien, Brady for Lange.

Field Goals: Becker, 2; Johnson, 2; L. Carlson, 1; Marbach, 5; G. Calson, 1; Cox, 3; Schaefer, 2; Wellman, 3; O'Brien, 1; Scheidler, 1; Lange, 1.

Free Throws: Becker, 3; O'Brien, 3; Lange, 1.

off its feet, surprising everybody by their speed and brilliant passwork.

The first half was as close as could be. Neither team scored much, although both shot fairly often. Pete O'Brien started the scoring with a field goal, followed shortly by a free throw. A basket by Wellman and another free throw by Pete made our total six, which mark was duplicated by Valpo, Gilbert, with two field goals, and Bradley, with free throws, being the offenders. Score, end of first half, 6 — 6.

The second half told the tale of Valpo's defeat. St. Joe came out with more pep than ever, determined to take the game. On the first tipoff O'Brien took the ball, dribbled down the floor, and had a basket before the astonished Valpo five knew that the half had started. Valparaiso had a strong defense, and used it to good advantage during this half. However, they never could stop us entirely, for one St. Joe man was almost sure of getting out of the tangle, and starting the ball down the floor for another marker. Final score, 22 — 18.

For St. Joe, the whole team played wonderful ball, but the spirit they showed had more to do with the victory than anything else. Pete was the big point getter for St. Joe, with four field goals to his credit; Tony Schaefer played the floor most of the time, both guarding and feeding the ball to Pete. Wellman was all over the floor, on the spot whenever anything had to be done; Cox, in his first Varsity game of the season, was a big factor in the victory through his steady passing. Scheidler stopped 'em dead under the basket. Gilbert was the star for Valparaiso.

Lineup.

VALPARAISO		ST. JOSEPH'S
Goben	G.	Scheidler
Dandalet	G.	O'Brien
Conley	C.	Wellman
Gilbert	F.	Cox
Bradley	F.	Schaefer

Substitution: Bookwalter for Conley.

Field Goals: Gilbert, 4; Bradley, 2; O'Brien, 4; Wellman, 2; Schaefer, 2.

Free Throws: Bradley, 6; O'Brien, 6;

Referee: Pottkotter.

Basketball Schedule 1919 — '20.

St. Joseph's:

December 6, vs. Brook H. S. (here) Won 41 — 10.
December 22, vs. Y. M. P. C. (here) Won, 38 — 24.
January 13, vs. Y. M. P. C. at Lafayette, Lost 21 — 29.
January 17, vs. Indiana Dentals, at Indianapolis. Lost 32 — 26.
January 22, vs. Valparaiso U., (here) Won, 22 — 18.
January 24, vs. I. A. C. (here) Won, 26 — 25
February 7, vs. St. Viator's at Bourbonnais.
February 11, vs. S. C. & M. C., at Whiting.
February 14, vs. St. Viator's. (here)
February 18, vs. S.C. & M. C. (here)
February 21, vs. Indiana Dentals. (here)
February 25, vs. Valparaiso University at Valparaiso.
March 2, vs. Brook H. S. at Brook.

THIRDS LEAD IN PENNANT RACE.

There seems to be no stopping the fast going III Latins. They have defeated every team in sight and there doesn't seem to be any competition. They completely outclassed the Seniors in their last game, although before the game the Seniors were heavy favorites. From a spectator's standpoint the game was slow, the Thirds clearly outplaying their opponents in every style of play. The fact that the Seniors were unable to stop Kallal, Dowling and Arnold spelled defeat for them. The Thirds' lineup will be somewhat weakened now by the absence of Kallal, their star forward, who has gone home and since the Fourths and Third Commercials seem to be entirely out of the pennant race, there may be some hope yet for the decrepit Seniors.

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"WE KNOCK TO BOOST"

ADDRESS

EDITOR, COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Wednesday February, 4, 1920.

CONFESSION OF A SENIOR.

I am not anxious to burden the public with any account of my life up to this point. Nor do I think that my immediate fellows need the testimony of written matter on the subject, since the currency of casual remarks is remarkable plentiful, not to say, cheap. But as a friend to the younger generation, I am sure my advice, dipped as it is in the wisdom of personal experience, will carry all the authority of the written word into their young lives, will prompt them to better motives, and help them to avoid by foresight, the mistakes that I have made.

To begin with, I am not as good a student as I used to be, I may point out later some of the causes of my degeneration, or I may only hint at them. At any rate I would have you know that the way to my present state is made up of very subtle steps, which I am perfectly aware that I could have controlled had there been no attractions along the road.

However, the most tangible reason lies in my change of attitude. Of course I am responsible for that change, though I am loath to shift some of the blame on the disastrous logic of circumstance. You see, my early attitude toward my studies was made up of two powerful assurances of success, a single devotion, and an unflinching reverence for 100%. I did not then soliloquize on the value of each minute; I simply and unceremoniously used that minute for the conjugation of *fero*, *tuli*, *latum*, and passed on to the next. To be sure, there is no difference in the amount of time that I occupy now, but the trouble is, I use too much time "kidding" my incredulous mind into the notion that I am really an industrious chap with a little heavier load than any youthful intellect could carry. In my early student-days I did not question the authority of quarterly examinations as a reliable test of the brain. I did not gaze upon my 95% average with a smile, foreseeing into what oblivion my meagre college honors would be plunged, while my innate genius — that airy something that springs only suddenly to the

surface — would be cutting its permanent figure (a "\$" no doubt) in the world. There was a great deal of childlike enthusiasm in my early efforts, I used to experience a peculiar thrill when my copy-book was returned, with its short red line of approval below my work. That was pride, indeed, but a kind of pride I would be proud of today.

Now these are not all the memories of my first years that I can conjure up; but they are sufficient to show the difference between me and myself, now and then. I only hope that difference will inspire you with a severe sense of my great loss. I am not an utter failure, but I feel that I am nourishing a big, over-grown spirit of Indifference, that belongs somewhere to the primitive family of the Failures. Summer vacations will come and go. The coming is not to be feared, nor is the going, but it is the something that happens between that often follows your heels into the middle of the next school-year. Of course, this sinister influence of vacation — if you wish to call it such — can be suppressed after two weeks of dogged application to Caesar, or his friends. But there is this one other, thing to fear — the instability of your present reputation. Remember your college reputation is not a self-existent creature. It had its birth in the activity of your brain, and it will have its death in any failure of your brain to keep on acting. We are none of us hounds of fame, but when we strike it good, we ought to strike it hard.

MOVIES.

The students were treated to an episode or two from filmdom Saturday and Sunday evenings. We all know how sweetly the after-exam sensation pervades our system, at least before the results are published; and we always welcome anything that helps the good cause along. We cannot help but express our regret that the movies cannot be tempered with a strain or two of music; but we enjoy them nevertheless. Lively times are ahead of us, so we hear everybody saying; and let us add our word of hope that movies may be at least a little "filler" in the busy remaining months of school.

OUR PIPE ORGAN.

In the back of our spacious chapel hangs a choir-loft suspended in the air by unseen hands. It is the wonder of anyone who has taken time to think about the matter, just what it is that holds that heavy loft in the air. There are no pillars to do the service. It must be one of the unsolvable mysteries of architecture. But that's beyond the scope of the present effort.

In this department then are not to assemble the precious few who weekly and weakly represent the angels. But alas! What could their voices avail to edify if it were not for the pipe organ that so majestically rears its now dead, now living, structure in the very midst thereof? Like a faithful animal it awaits its master. At his touch it leaps into life, that shapely mass so long silent, which without the power and mind of man, would remain dumb forever. At last all aglow at the conscious-

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ness of its capabilities, it teems with music and roar of the "fff." It sets the very pillars of the temple ashaking, persisting in its mighty roar till the nooks and corners echo the refrain.

Responding to each light touch of the master it vies with the Seraphic choirs. Apollo would blush for his lyre if he but heard. Softly now and softer sounds the flowing theme. The Flute stops now pour forth the limpid strains. Now the Gamba's short pipes give a deeper and more meaningly sound to its bothers. Stop after stop is added till it once more breathes in full life. The trembling "Vox Humana" is also added meanwhile. Now indeed is the thing an animate being. Perfectly human it is in sound. it strikes a responding chord in the heart of every lover of music. With mouth agape the youngsters listen, not knowing what the meaning is, unconscious of the wondrous harmony. But lo: There in the lowly corner kneels a man whose life has all but ebbed away. No one glancing in his direction would think that he alone above all others would realize to its fullest meaning, the beautiful music the organ emits. With head bent low he listens. His soul is filled, he is in ecstasy; he cannot speak, he can only listen. He whom others believe most apathetic alone appreciates the depth and beauty of the theme. Glowing with ardent love with which the music fills him, he adores in rapt devotion Him from whom all good things come. His whole being craves his Maker, overpowering emotion consumes his burning heart, and he is lost in the sweet oblivion of the heavenly strains. What matters it if his life has been bitter? What tho the burdens have been heavy? He is now reaping his reward. He is receiving a foretaste of that bliss which the angels have always enjoyed, for do we not read that the angels are forever singing before the throne of the most High? Long, long, he remembers the strains he has heard. Indeed, music is the language of the soul. Such in short is the Utopia of the organ loft, but list to another tale.

An old decrepit thing the organ has become. Moved to and fro by necessity's call it no longer is even the shadow of its former self. Valves do not close tight. Pipes are no longer in tune, Notes shriek, wildly discordant. But still in lieu of a better occupant the space is still reserved for

the second rate old thing.

Mark you: A lad approaches. Smilingly and with a gleam of hope in his eye, he begins to turn on the switch that lets in the power to run the blower that furnishes the air for the carcass. Scarcely is the blower in full swing when with a horrible roar the organ makes known to the disappointed that it is not yet intrim. He pouting draws back the switch. The noise ceases. Encouraged by this the lad once more essays the ungovernable thing. Slowly he turns the lever until it has reached the point where the disaster had happened. This time he is more successful. Not a sound reaches his ears save the hum of the motor. Joyfully he clamors upon the bench. Eagerly he pulls out the stops. No sound as yet. He begins to feel timidly along the keys.

Assuming more courage than he dare feel he plays a tune. Then he stops. Oh! What mournful harmony, such dire nerve-racking outbursts. Every pipe is screeching of its own accord. Hastily one stop is pushed. The sound, tho diminished in volume, is still as discordant as ever. Another and another is pushed in, until the very last one. Still the sounds continues. No surcease of torture. The valves are old; the air is escaping. What is to be done? But still! The sound ceases, now entirely.

Meeting with such misfortune with the lower manual he tries the upper one. The "Flute" stop; Hardly is it fully out when a note sounds. Then the "Dulciana:" Contrary to its name it is by no means sweet. Three or four notes sound. Next is "Gamba." It too, has an off day.

The lad now thoroughly disgusted is ready to believe what was once told him in answer to a question. "Whats the matter with our organ?" The answer was as pithy as could be: "Funds, my boy, Funds."

How to Live.

Worry less and work more,
Ride less and walk more,
Frown less and laugh more,
Eat less and chew more,
Preach less and practice more.

ELPY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother Willie:—

You didn't write a letter yet, since I come up here, and I bet the reason why aint for to guess. But now don't go and make a mess to organize some poor excuse, about as thin as near-beer juice. I know your line works sometimes but, you've got to watch a bigger rut.

Since I was there at Christmas time, I've been a'thinking what a crime it is for you to stick at home and work regardless if your dome is ever filled with knowledge such as helps you without a crutch. But if you go to high-school, better keep your colors on your sweater, and don't be tellin' me your games are faster than your high-school dames. For up here, Willie, — take this much — we've got the neatest little bunch of basket-tossers ever seen on village floor or village green. (They say the two are just the same exceptin' for a different name. Our game with Valparaiso U. just thrilled us all clear through and through, to see our fellows raise the score against a quintet six feet four. And Saturday the I. A. C. came down to stage a comedy, but owin' to the point they lacked it proved a tragic little act. But after all our natural boast is pleasing to us at the most, For patriotism, while it's fine don't work outside the boundary line.

Now Willie I suppose you know how much to feed my youngest crow (the one that broke his leg the day before we went to makin' hay) and see the rabbit box is tight, and tie my dog up every night, for I want things to be in tune with my home-comin' song in June. It seems a long ways off till then, but now exams are done and when you figure only two more's comin' you feel just like the time is hummin'. You know I'm nct a general shark, but then I got one decent mark in Spellin' and I know I spent some hard work for a big Percent.

We had a movie here last night, — a bloody-con-sanguineous sight. (That big word, Willie, there just shows how fast the tree of knowledge grws.) I guess it's better anyway they don't have movies every day to make this place so much like town the fellows couldn't settle down.

Well, Willie, now its gettin' late. The big han's goin' half past eight, and then you know we go to bed — or, we retire, I should have said.

Your affiliated affinity,
Elpy.

Reed: "I'll have you fellows know that my an-cesters were people of brains."

Linder: "Too bad they disinherited you old top."

P. Rose: "Why is anger like a potato."

Brady: "I don't know."

P. Rose: "Because it shoots from the eye."

Potkotter: "Say Bill are you going to let that mule do as he pleases? Where is your will power "

Bill Luley: "My will power is all right, Pott., but you just want to come out and measure this here mule's wont power."

Her lover had to go away

A comb and brush he gave to her.

And then she heard her lover say:

These will make the parting easier.

Non-essential citizens:

No. 1. The fellow who proclaims he is an early riser with loud stalking thru the "dorm."

No. 2. The simp that squeezes into your place at a basket-ball game.

No. 3. The nightingale that snores the whole night through.

No. 4. The fellow that forever runs to his left when he meets you.

No. 5. The fellow that comes in saying: "Gee, she's getting colder outside," and leaves the door open.

Prof: "Soucie, who wrote the Gospel of St. Mat-thew?"

Soucie: "St. John."

Prof. in History: "Neuer, who is the oldest sett-ler in the west?"

Neuer: "I would say the sun."

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Mohawks, 8; Em-Roes, 16.
Owls, 4; Em-Roes, 13.
Tossers, 6; Indians, 9.
Em-Roes, 17; Indians, 25.
Marines, 13; Indians, 6.

MIDGETS.

Eagles, 1; Skyrockets, 4.
Eagles, 18; Champs, 4.
Tigers, 1; Blue Streaks, 9.
Triangles, 5; Eagles, 9.
Blue Streaks, 12; Champs, 0.
Skyrockets, 14; Triangles, 8.

ACADEMICS.

Senecas, 18; Trojans, 2.
Sparklers, 20; Sharpshooters, 0.
Vikings, 2; Everreadies, 21.

AN OVERWHELMING DEFEAT.

The Third Commercials met the Fourth Latins, in a very exciting contest. Both teams played a good game, but the Third Commercials put it over the Fourths. Those that witnessed the game must hand it to the Commercials for their superior guarding and passwork. The game plainly shows that though the Commercials represent only a small part of the student body, they can do their share when it comes to Basketball.

The first half was fast and exciting. The Commercials started the scoring, but were soon followed by a thriller from Kramps. However, the Commercials were not easily scared, Kahle dropping in two baskets in rapid succession, astonishing the Fourths very much; to their amazement Herrmiller also found the basket and dropped a ringer. Shank, Moorman and Baunach, played very well in their respective positions. Reed succeeded in making 3 points and Kramps 2 for the Fourths. Herrmiller made two and Kahle seven for the Commercials. Score, end of first half, 9 — 5.

The Fourths put in their regulars in the second half but seemingly had no effect on the Commercials. Excellent guarding was displayed by both teams, neither side scoring in this half. Final score, 9 — 5.

Harber: "Say what's a good way to make a coat last?"

Schnitz: (With his Hoosier drawl) "W-aa-l now I would say, make the pants and vest first."

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SNOWY DAYS.

White heralds hasten far to spread
In broken ranks
Their joyous message from o'erhead;
Announcing hope, 'mid freest pranks,
So flies the snow.

Dispensing long and low its fall
Thick, slow, and snug;
To serve and gladden children all
Leaves off its sport the ground to hug,
So falls the snow.

These trees no longer sad for green;
A better white
Has burried grief, and lined with sheen
Each gable, wire, or twig so slight,
So plans the snow.

Outside our very door it scrawls
A purest tale;
And in the sills and on the walls
Writes notices in ev'ry pale,
So works the snow.

In hills and mounts right small, yet whole
It drifts and whirls;
For peak or ridge or concave roll,
A worthless heap it wild unfurls,
So plays the snow.

Cornet: "Gee — Adolph, I'm sore all over, my bones are stiff. I don't know what is the matter with me.

Soucie: (spitting quickly through his front teeth) By judas man, why don't you go to an apostrophe. He'll fix you up.

Conversation in locker room.

Hennes: "Yes, boys, they have several insane asylums in Indiana. One in Richmond, Logansport and —"

Riley: (overhearing only the last words) "O gentlemen don't talk that way. You make me so homesick."

Inkrott: "Say why do skinny people live so long?"

Kampsen: "I don't know, but it must be because they lead such narrow lives."

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